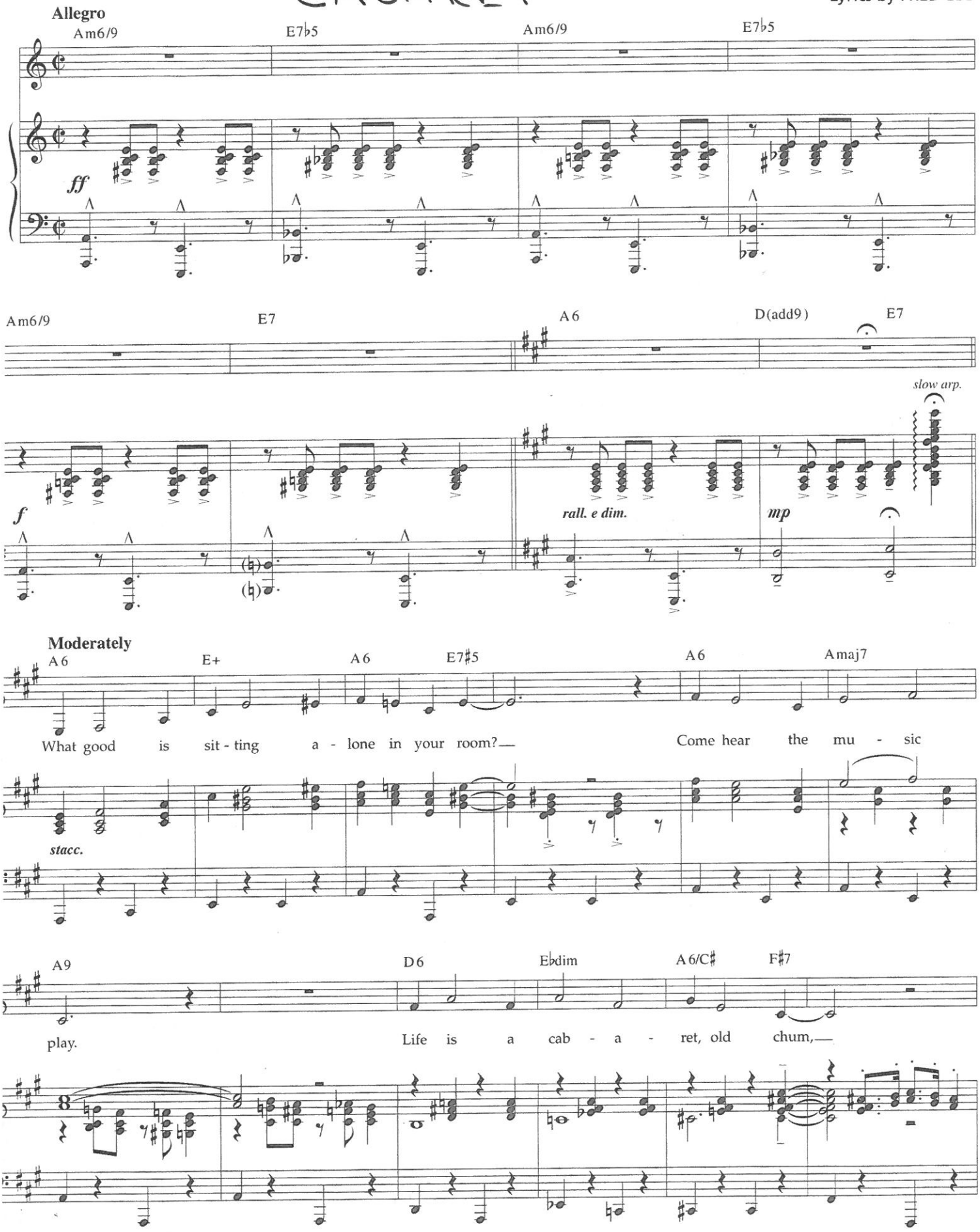
CABARET

Lyrics by FRED EBB



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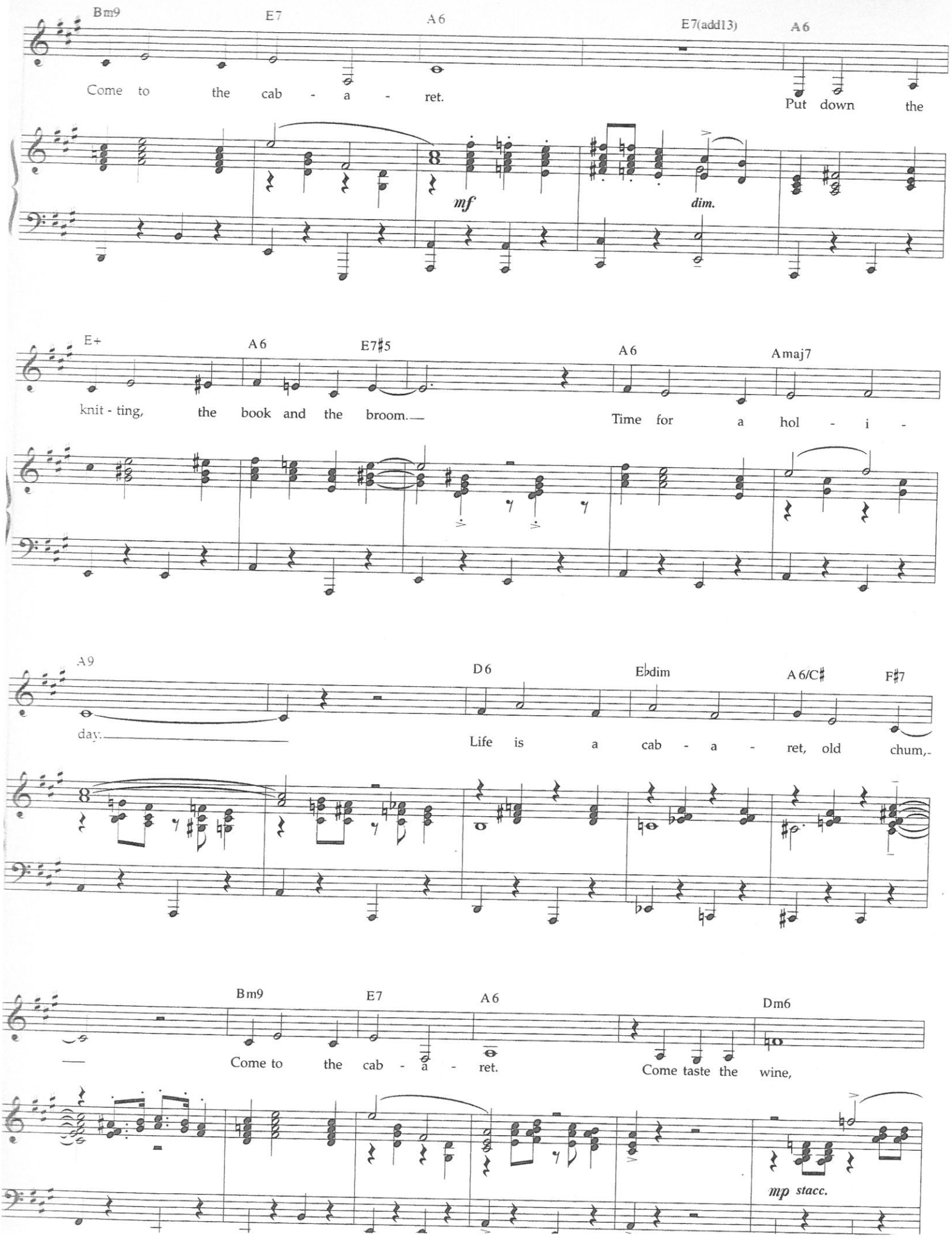
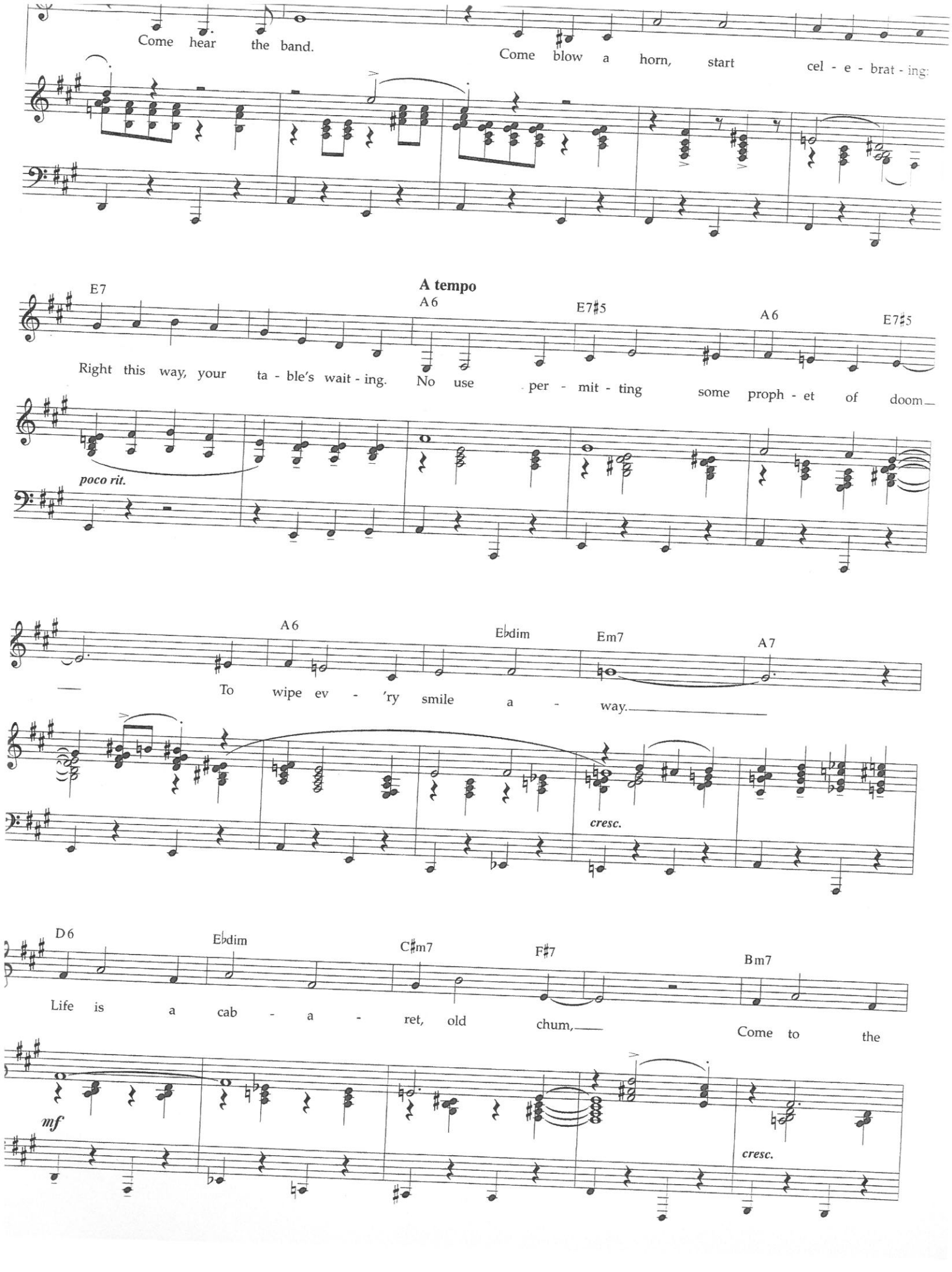
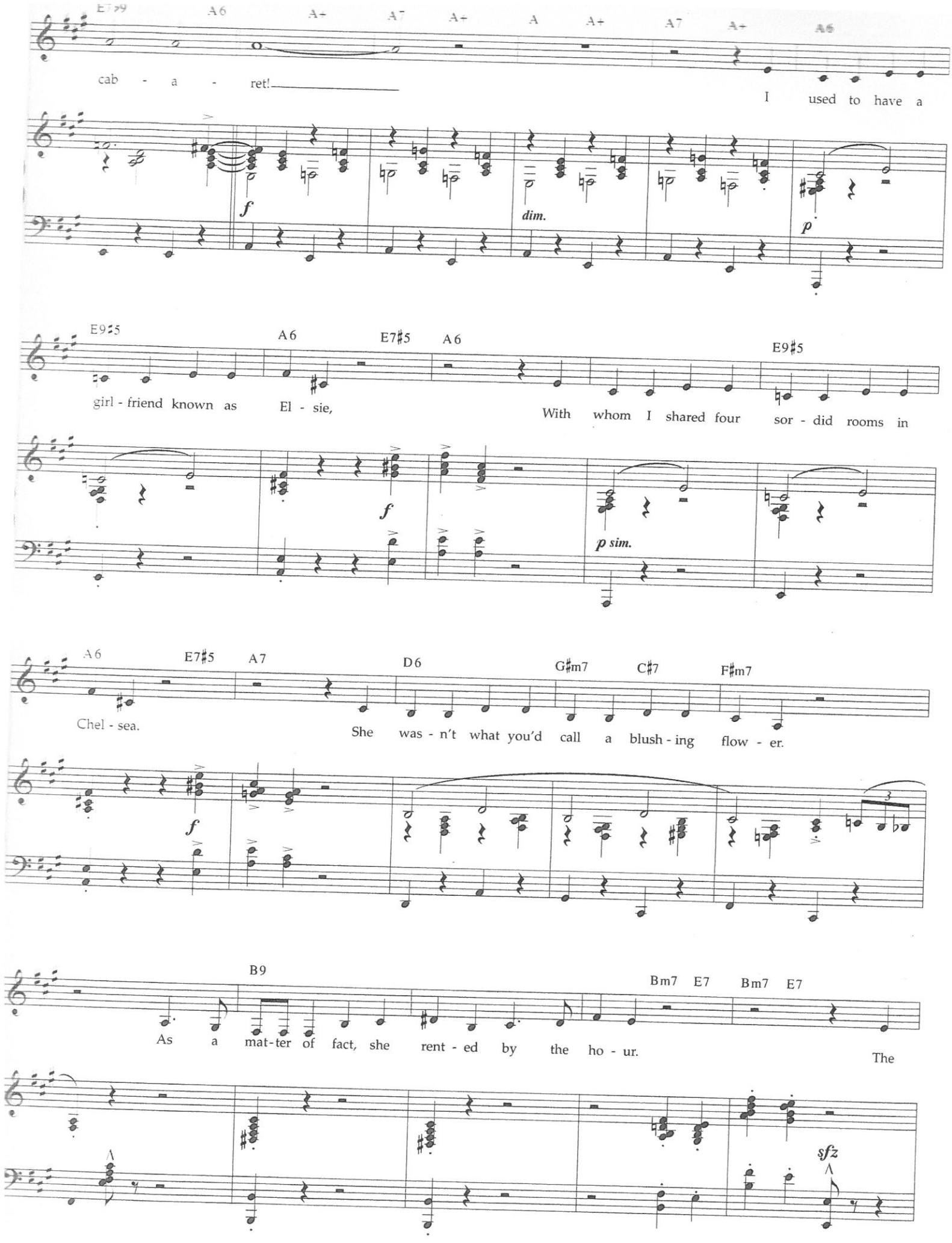

Bm9
E7
A6
E7(add13)
A6
Come to the cab - a - ret.
Put down the
mf
dim.
E+
A6
E7♯5
A6
Amaj7
knit - ting, the book and the broom.
Time for a hol - i -
A9
D6
E♭dim
A6/C♯
F♯7
day.
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,
Bm9
E7
A6
Dm6
Come to the cab - a - ret.
Come taste the wine,
mp stacc.


Come hear the band.
Come blow a horn, start cel - e - brat - ing:
A tempo
E7
A6
E7♯5
A6
E7♯5
Right this way, your ta - ble's wait - ing.
No use per - mit - ting some proph - et of doom—
poco rit.
A6
E♭dim
Em7
A7
— To wipe ev - 'ry smile a - way.—
cresc.
D6
E♭dim
C♯m7
F♯7
B m7
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum,—
Come to the
mf
cresc.


E7♭9 A6 A+ A7 A+ A A+ A7 A+ A6
cab - a - ret!
I used to have a
f
dim.
p
E9♯5 A6 E7♯5 A6 E9♯5
girl - friend known as El - sie,
With whom I shared four sor - did rooms in
f
p sim.
A6 E7♯5 A7 D6 G♯m7 C♯7 F♯m7
Chel - sea.
She was - n't what you'd call a blush - ing flow - er.
f
3
B9 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
As a mat - ter of fact, she rent - ed by the ho - ur.
The
sfz